

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 2
JUNE 18, 1920



No. 21
10c. A COPY

YOUR BIT FOR THE MAN WHO DID HIS

THE Service Division of the American Legion is anxious to clear up and settle in the next few months the case of every disabled ex-service man who is entitled to compensation, training or other assistance from the Government. To do this it asks the aid of every Legion member in the country.

Six months ago the inefficiency of the Government agencies charged with the care of the war's disabled made an adjustment of many cases impossible. The disabled themselves, tired by inattention and promises unfulfilled, gave up their effort to get their moral and legal due.

The situation has changed, however, in the last six months. Now, as explained in an article by the head of the Legion's Service Division in this issue, the Federal agencies are functioning and, at least, are capable of carrying out the intent of Congress and of the country. It is the lack of confidence and diffidence of the disabled that is retarding the work.

If you know or learn of a disabled veteran who is not getting what is due to him from the Government, urge him to call upon the nearest Post of the Legion.

If he will not call upon the Post in person, send his name to the Post that a representative may call upon him.

If it is impractical to notify a Legion Post, send his name to State headquarters of the Legion.

It is the duty of every Legionnaire to cooperate with the Service Division during the next few months. The clean-up should be a real one.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

Entered as second-class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Price, \$2 the year. Published weekly by THE LEGION PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. Copyright 1920, by THE LEGION PUBLISHING CORPORATION.

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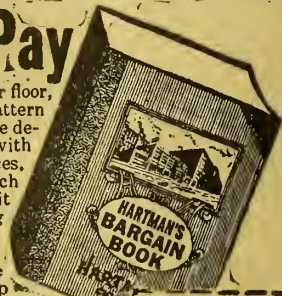
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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Official Publication of

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"And You, Mr. Senator?"

Indications Are That the Legion's Beneficial Legislation Measure Will Be Favorably Reported to Floor of Upper House

By J. W. Rixey Smith

Washington Correspondent of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

THE enrolling clerk of the House of Representatives was addressing the Vice President of the United States as he presided over the Senate:

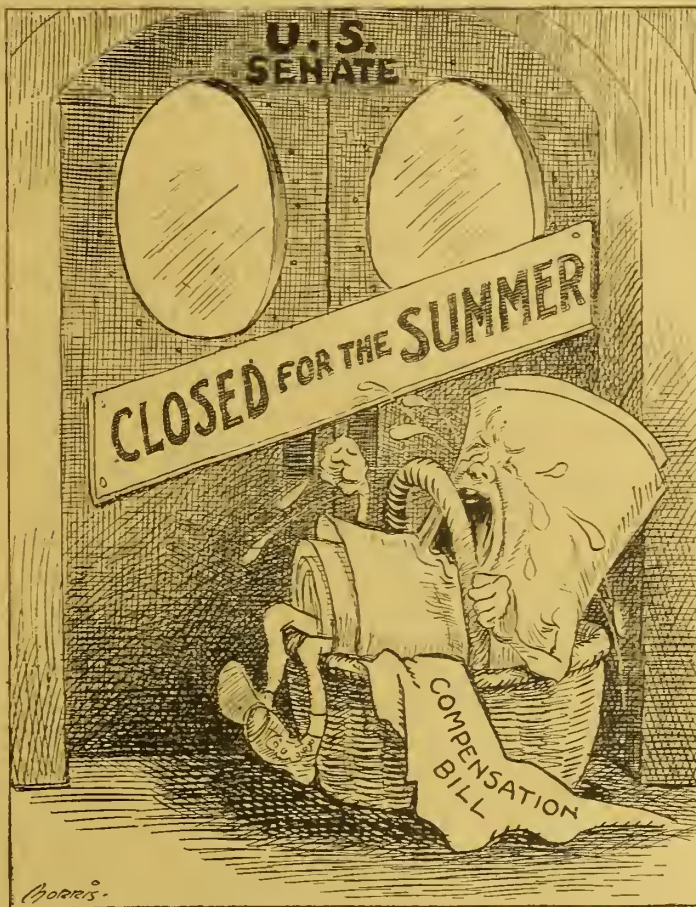
"Mr. President," he droned, "I am directed by the House to inform the Senate that the House has passed H. R. 14157, a bill to provide adjusted compensation for veterans of the World War."

To which the Vice President replied:

"It will be referred to the Finance Committee for reference and report."

And thus on the day following its victorious toboggan through the lower House of Congress, the Legion's fourfold plan for beneficial legislation and adjusted compensation for those who served in the late emergency was given over to the tender mercies of the powerful Finance Committee of the United States Senate. Snugly tucked away in a mahogany box file in the spacious offices of that committee it now slumbers. Its enemies say that it is dead, but with them the wish is father to the thought. Its friends are equally certain that sooner or later it will emerge from the Senate Finance Committee, take the Senate floor and sweep all before it.

What the Senate thought when it awoke that bright May morning to find the Fordney bill in its hands was enough to fill a book. Here was a piece of legislation affecting nearly five million people, calling for two billion dollars in taxes, evolved after months of hearings and study by the Ways and Means Committee of the House, rushed through the lower body as an eleventh hour effort under a special rule, and suddenly dropped down in the lap of



THE FOUNDLING THAT WASN'T FOUND

the greatest deliberative body on earth just five legislative days before adjournment.

It is not too much to say that the Senate was panic-stricken. A hurried survey of the field disclosed the remarkable fact that it would be absolutely impossible to get a quorum of the Senate Finance Committee together within the few days remaining before adjournment. Senator Thomas, of Colorado, in public, and several other senators in private, served notice, be-

sides, that they would talk to death any attempt to pass the bill should any effort be made to bring it from the committee.

Finally, every legislative hour on the Senate's calendar for the remaining five days had been booked for weeks. Altogether it was obvious even to the most ardent friends of the compensation program that the fight in the Senate would have to be postponed at least until after the political conventions.

Whether the fight in the Senate comes off in July or in December, it will be hot. All of the parliamentary tactics employed in an effort to defeat the legislation in the House will be repeated and augmented. But the result will be the same. In the first place, there is a safe majority in the Senate Finance Committee that favors in all of its essential details the bill as passed by the House. This committee is composed of Senators Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, chairman, Porter J. McCumber of North Dakota, Reed Smoot of Utah, Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, William P. Dillingham of Vermont, George P. McLean of Connecticut, Charles Curtis of Kansas,

James E. Watson of Indiana, William M. Calder of New York, Howard Sutherland of West Virginia, Furnifold M. Simmons of North Carolina, John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, Charles S. Thomas of Colorado, Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma, Andrieus A. Jones of New Mexico, Peter G. Gerry of Rhode Island and John F. Nugent of Idaho.

Reliable polls of this committee indicate that when the time comes, the Legion's four-fold plan, as embodied in

the Fordney bill passed by the House, will be reported favorably to the floor of the Senate with only a few modifications.

The ill wind that left the Legion's program asleep in a Senate Committee room when Congress adjourned also blew some good. Before the Senate convenes again, the two great party confabs will have been held and, unless I am greatly mistaken, they will have indorsed the Legion's four-fold plan of adjusted compensation for ex-service men and women.

While the advocates of the Legion's program are making ready for the offensive in the Senate, they are being sustained tremendously by what happened in the House, where after hiding behind every parliamentary device that could be concocted, the opponents of the Fordney bill finally were smoked out into the open and chopped to pieces.

THE scene on the floor of the House of Representatives when the so-called "bonus bill" was passed was about as chaotic as a Chinese symphony. It was getting on toward four o'clock on the afternoon of May 29. The House had been in the throes of a parliamentary wrangle since the chaplain's "Amen" died on the air a few minutes after noon. An effort had been made to prevent the Rules Committee from bringing in a rule designed to permit the immediate consideration of the Fordney bill. Representative Garrett, of Tennessee, had made a point of order against such a rule; Speaker Gillett had overruled him and the House had sustained the Speaker

by a vote of 192 to 189. The rule had then been adopted by a vote of 220 to 165.

It had become increasingly evident that the jig was up, that there was going to be an open and above-board vote on the bill to adjust the compensation of the four million and eight hundred thousand ex-service men, and

AMERICA AT ANTWERP

What sort of showing will our athletes—many of them Legionnaires and Inter-Allied Meet veterans—make at the Olympic Games this summer? Read what

W. O. MCGEEHAN,

nationally recognized authority on sports, has to say in the next number of

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that, stripped of all parliamentary subterfuge, the issue was narrowing down to one of yes or no.

Each side of the question got twenty minutes for debate, and during those forty minutes of bedlam, twenty-seven Representatives were recognized by the Speaker. About all each could do was to rise, state his attitude and sit down, leaving to the *Congressional Record* the long, flowery speech that the soldiers in his district are later to get under Government frank. Those who spoke of "the brave lads who fought in far off muddy trenches" were cheered frequently, while those who opposed

the bill were met with storms of hisses and guffaws.

"Snap into it!" members would yell when one of the recognized speakers would seem to hesitate. "Stick out that chest and suck in those thumbs!" somebody on the Democratic side of the House shouted when Representative Strong of Kansas did not put enough pep into the way he wrapped himself around the forum pedestal.

It was an ex-service man who led off the debate for the compensation program. Representative King Swope, of Kentucky, fired the opening shot, and it was a hot one. The sixty-dollar bonus given on discharge was characterized as a tip which even a bell-hop would turn down as a reward for two years' service.

From the time when the Speaker's ruling that it would be in order for the special rule to be brought in was upheld, the House took the whole affair as a lark. On this one vote the lines were tense and taut, and the majority by which the final vote on the bill was made possible was a bare three. When that vote was announced, however, the lines snapped, and with them seemed to snap all congressional dignity and decorum. When once the House made up its mind to do the thing, it decided that it might as well do it up brown, and it did.

"Well, that's a load off my mind," declared a prominent leader of the House as the final vote was announced. There were many who felt as he did. And there are members of the United States Senate aplenty who can tell you where the load now is.

Wheels Turning for the Disabled

The Government's Rehabilitation Machinery Finally Begins to Function with Smoothness

By Gerald J. Murphy

Chief of the Service Department of The American Legion

ALTHOUGH the American public has been accused of being quick to forget, The American Legion is morally charged with the guardianship of the disabled and is committed to such a course by a definite statement of policy in resolutions adopted by its first convention. Its interest in the welfare of these men always should be paramount.

How, then, does the disabled soldier, sailor and marine fare today? Are men who are entitled to compensation or vocational training getting these benefits and, if they get them, are they worth having?

Answers to these questions vitally concern every Legionnaire; the more particularly since there have been in the past many cases of Government failure properly to provide assistance to its wards. The Legion was first to disclose the disappointing lack of action on the part of the Federal Board for Vocational Training. The Legion demanded and got improvement before other champions of the handicapped took up the cudgels. The Legion fought a hard, lonesome fight for six months before civilian agencies such as the New York *Evening Post* demanded im-

[For nearly a year the author of this article has been connected with the Service Division of National Headquarters, which has been the agency for straightening out the tangles of tens of thousands of disabled ex-soldiers. He is one of the best informed authorities in the United States on the situation surrounding the war's disabled.—THE EDITOR.]

provement in the Government's methods of compensating the disabled.

National Headquarters is glad to report today that the fight is won—or virtually so. It can be said that the disabled, by and large, are faring well. There are still regrettable—and highly serious—exceptions to this statement, but the status of the incapacitated ex-service man now is so much better than it has been in the past that there is real cause for a feeling of relief and satisfaction.

The cases of the tubercular and mental patients are the principal ones which await relief, but this is expected soon with the recent passage of a bill by Congress appropriating \$46,000,000 for sanatoria and turning over 9,500 hospital beds to the Public

Health Service. Mistakes have been rectified in great part—or are being rectified. The Federal agencies are really becoming imbued with a spirit of helpfulness. The machinery is functioning—and much that was cumbersome in the machinery has been cast aside. The Government is a year late in reaching effectiveness, but it is at last getting to the point.

The Legion is in a position to know whereof it speaks because for the last three months it has worked in partnership with the three federal agencies. National and state headquarters and posts and individuals throughout the land have helped get the disabled to file applications for their just dues and have expedited service, once applications were filed.

It can be fairly stated that any man entitled to compensation, medical treatment or vocational training can get one or all three within a reasonable time of filing his application. By "a reasonable time" is meant, not months, as in the past, but forty-eight hours to four weeks, depending on the status of the man's claim. As to putting in the application, all any man—Legion member or not—need do is to call at

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Disabled veterans learning cutting and tailoring, factory of Greenberg Tailoring Company, New York

the Legion post in his community. Someone there will help him fill out his papers correctly, will forward them and will see to it that the claim gets action.

ALTHOUGH all this is well enough, many men who deserve some form of compensation are not making application for it. "The big problem now is to reach the men and get them in training," says Uel W. Lamkin, chief of the rehabilitation division of the Vocational Board.

Every man who reads these words and who knows of someone who deserves Government aid should get that man to file his application. All the man need take to the Legion post with him is a copy of his discharge. Again it is up to the rank and file of the Legion to give help, where the aid of no one else is available or useful, to the end that a great good be accomplished for the disabled.

In the very simplicity of the present system lies the value of the Government aid for the handicapped. This simplicity of machinery is due to the close cooperation of the Legion and the agents of the Government. This bouquet is not self-bestowed. Officials of the Government bureaus are glad to acknowledge it.

The cooperation came about as the result of cumulative dissatisfaction with the work of the Federal Board for Vocational Training. Ever since the Armistice there was disappointment at the way the Government provided for the disabled. On September 19 and 26 last, *THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY* disclosed the ineffectiveness of the board in two articles by Marquis James.

Members of the Legion remember the furore that followed, with the inevitable Congressional investigation and a swarm of third-wave muckraking stories. But the Legion never contented itself with this "investigation"

and it presented a plan designed to solve the board's difficulties. The arrangement, which was accepted, provided for the assistance of Legion men and the Legion organization in locating the disabled and in pushing their cases. The Legion promised to find them and the board promised to take care of them.

The appointment of post vocational training officers was urged in a bulletin of the National Commander on March 15. Since then the cooperation has been close. In some districts the board employed men recommended by the

munities also have these liaison men, who devote their time to expediting cases taken to their attention by Legion men. Naturally, such an organization has gained results. Someone said recently, apropos of the situation: "The war was not won by writing notes nor will we accomplish anything for the disabled by talking things over. We must go out and get 'em!" Which is precisely what the Legion has been doing.

In the twenty-one months from July, 1918, to April 1, 1920, the Vocational Board placed 35,000 men in training and approved 20,000 more. It had found 48,000 ineligible for training—though perhaps eligible for compensation—and had approved 22,000 more for what is known as Class III training, which includes cost of instruction and supplies but not maintenance.

In April, when the Legion was cooperating, 2,273 men entered training and several thousand more were approved. In May 4,298 entered training and probably six times this many were approved. It must be understood that men who are approved are not kept from entering training by any lack of facilities but by their own choice or their physical condition.



Vocational board graduate working on platinum, factory of William Scheer, New York. Photo by Benjamin Gray, Federal Board student in photography

Legion and set them to work canvassing all communities. By June 1, liaison officers had been appointed in 13 of the 14 districts. A great many com-

REGARDING compensation, men who have applied for it and are entitled to it are getting it. The great difficulty here, as in the case of vocational training, is getting men to file their applications. As an instance of this spirit, a case is reported in Michigan, where a Vocational Board representative visited a post to get disabled men to file applications. All any man had to do was raise his hand to get attention. When the meeting was through a post member went to the speaker and told him about an acquaintance who had sat through the evening without mentioning a word of the fact he had been severely wounded and

was disabled. Furthermore, the disabled man did not intend saying anything about it. That is inertia, with a vengeance.

Any man who was discharged from the United States Army with disability is a prospective applicant for Government aid. Not all are entitled to vocational training, because not all are vocationally handicapped by reason of their injuries. Not all are entitled to compensation, because a great many are completely recovered by now. It is up to each man to find out for himself if he is entitled to something. It is up to Legion men to prevail on these men to get in their applications.

There are not so many of these disabled as some persons would have us believe. The latest figures, corrected to May 17, 1920, gathered from all sources, show a grand total of 507,347 discharged from all branches, with disability, including those discharged from the draft. Of the latter, it is not believed ten percent are eligible for benefits, for the vast majority were rejected without putting in any military service. Only 307,055 men were discharged with disability from the three service branches. Adding ten percent of the

200,292 discharged from the draft and the result is less than 330,000 men eligible for compensation, in any form. It must be remembered that a great number of these have recovered and that a great many are in financial circumstances where they can take care of themselves.

THE Government benefits are worth having. A great deal of the red tape has been torn away and the last remaining strands are being swept aside—even as the barbed wire is being coiled at the old front and put out of the way of entangling feet.

Any man who is entitled to something should not hesitate to apply because of his reasonable dread of the old red tape. The man who has a claim should understand that he may be eligible for vocational training, which will fit him to earn a living in a way suited to his present physical condition; compensation, which pays him cash in monthly installments; or medical treatment by the Public Health Service; or all three.

Here are exactly the steps an applicant will go through to learn whether he gets anything and how to get it; the

steps are not many: First, the man is "caught" and convinced, or convinces himself he has something coming. He goes to his community Legion post and the member of the post who is charged with that duty takes him to a Public Health physician. The physical examination is made without delay except that if the man is suspected of being tubercular he is sent to a hospital at Government expense for a week's observation.

Following the physical examination the physician makes a complete report to Washington. If the man has applied for training the report goes to the vocational board. If he has asked for straight compensation the Bureau of War Risk Insurance gets the report. In neither case does the examining physician estimate the amount of disability. This is done by the central office and is based on the physical report. The mental, social and industrial handicap caused the man by his disability also are taken into account.

To get vocational training it must be shown that the man's disability actually was due to his service, that it constitutes a major vocational handi-

(Continued on page 22)

Talked to Death by an Army

The War Department Announces the Names of the Two Yanks Who Captured America's First Prisoner of War

By Arthur E. Hartzell

NOW that the War Department has seen fit to announce officially that to two Polish-American soldiers belongs the honor of capturing the first German prisoner taken by the United States forces in France, an ex-soldier may be permitted to tell the real story of that capture and its results. Looking back at the events of those early days with an uncensored eye they appear ludicrous in the extreme.

The two soldiers whom Washington has just honored in official pronouncement are Adam Blazikowski and John Cochanski, of Company C, Eighteenth Infantry, First Division. The names themselves, spoken in strident voice, are enough to stop at least a German Army Corps. But the bold action of this pair caused a flow of talk that will not long be forgotten in Army circles.

One day last summer I was touring the St. Mihiel salient in a two-and-a-half ton G. M. C. limousine with an officer high up in the First Division. We were visiting scenes familiar to the members of the First in those early days in October, 1917. Suddenly the officer chuckled and said:

"Did you ever hear the story of the first prisoner captured by the Americans?"

I confessed my ignorance and waited

patiently, not to say respectfully, for him to begin. What I am about to relate is given, then, on the authority of my compagnon de route. I vouch for nothing.

"When the First Division first took over trenches in this sector," he began, "there was, as you well know, a shiver of expectancy that swept over all our forces then in France, from the furthest outpost clear back to General Headquarters. Had not the American Army, long heralded, at last taken its position alongside the French? For the first time in history soldiers of the new world were actually fighting on the battlefields of Europe.

"Everything that happened on our small front was therefore of the keenest interest to our higher officers. If a German shell fell into our sector, even by mistake, it was duly noted and discussed with the greatest seriousness around the high-ranking messes. If an airplane flew over, it was made the object of a long report, when more than likely it was French instead of Boche. Not only was every move that we made closely watched by the higher-ups, but we received numerous visits from the French, who felt a great moral responsibility in thus exposing us to the enemy.

"WELL, early one morning came the news that a prisoner had been captured. Breaking in on the slumbers of those at division headquarters this report had the effect of a bombshell. We vied with each other to get a first glimpse of the enemy, whom we saw in our mind's eye as a huge hairy brute, fierce as Hindenburg himself, the very picture of all that is denoted by the word Hun.

"The general, not to be outdone by any of his inferiors, issued an order that the prisoner be brought to division headquarters without delay so that he might question him personally. He first dashed off a hasty telegram to General Headquarters, boasting of the achievement of his troops.

"More than an hour passed by, which seemed a month. Plans were made for the prisoner's reception. The great barbed-wire cage which had been built when we first moved into the sector was prepared for its occupant. An interrogating officer was appointed, and he immediately set to work making up a list of questions, ranging from the purely personal to those of high international politics and strategy, touching every subject under the sun except religion. These questions were to be shot at the prisoner in rapid-fire order so



that he would surely trip himself up and let out some valuable information.

"After what seemed an interminable wait, there was seen approaching down the road a group of men in khaki. As they drew nearer we could make out about a dozen soldiers, all with bayonets fixed. The reception committee lined up, assuming an attitude of conquerors. At last HE had arrived!

"In the center of a hollow square bristling with gleaming bayonets there came shuffling along an undersized, shriveled-up little man, scared within an inch of his life, casting furtive appealing glances first to one of his captors and then to another, evidently expecting any minute to be run through.

"AFTER a short parley the enemy—for so this inoffensive and miserable looking creature must be called—was ushered into the G-2 offices for the questioning ordeal that awaited him. We all attended as spectators.

"His name was only learned after repeated questions, for he was so thoroughly nonplussed that he had almost forgotten it. Leonhard Hoffman he said it was, and he belonged to the

landwehr. Because of his evident lack of fighting qualities he had been employed as a mail clerk and had been captured by one of our patrols as he was coming back to his company with the mail. Would the dreadful Americans kill him as he had been told they would? His eyes asked this question many times before his faltering voice could frame the words.

"The real questioning began. Our interrogating officer must have been a district attorney in private life, for he questioned him unmercifully. He asked him everything, from the name of his regiment to the innermost secrets of Hindenburg's plans. He asked him where the Kaiser was, what had been the strategy of the German 1917 campaign, etc., etc. The interrogator insisted that this poor half-wit should know the state of German internal politics, and he even quizzed him on the submarine campaign. Stupefaction took the place of fear in the prisoner's mind.

"It was some time before anyone thought to give our prize Jerry something to eat, which he devoured most greedily. He was then caged.

DELEGATIONS of high-ranking officers began arriving before noon, and they kept coming all afternoon and long into the evening, all highly excited and unusually self-important. One would have thought we had captured the Kaiser himself.

"For the benefit of each and every delegation the 'enemy' was brought out and put through his paces. Each visiting officer insisted on asking at least one question, all of them entirely useless and utterly unintelligible to the prisoner.

"Finally the prisoner, utterly exhausted, was sent back to the pen. And there, some time during the night when no one was watching him, he just lay down and died—literally talked to death. It was a tragic ending to our first war episode, but in war one touches lightly on such things. The next day an examination disclosed that the man had a wound in the head, inflicted possibly in the struggle that resulted in his capture. The impression has prevailed, nevertheless, among those of us who know the circumstances, that he was simply talked to death."

Yankee Yesterdays *By Hudson Hawley*

II. A RECONNAISSANCE



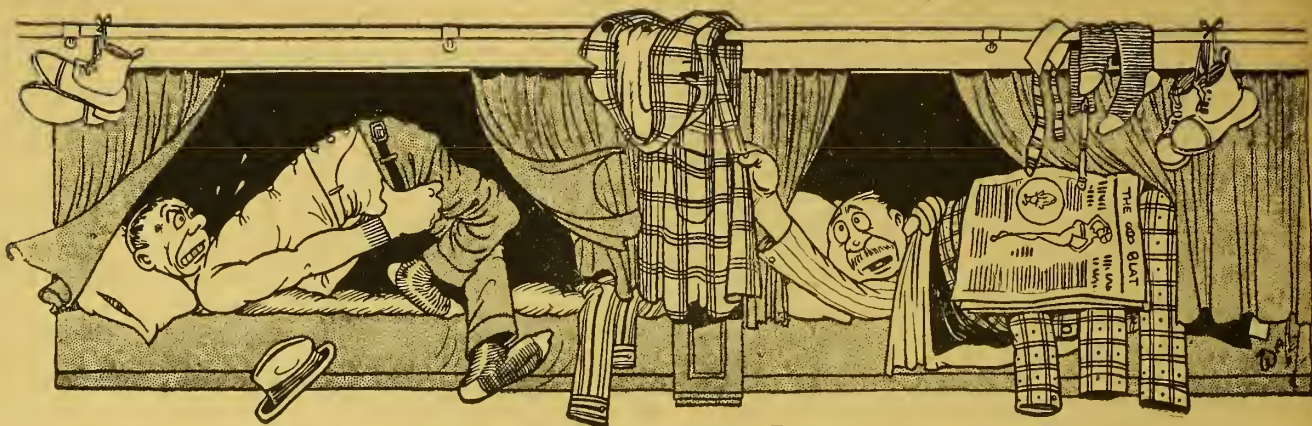
Men of 153rd Infantry Brigade, Seventy-seventh Division, getting acquainted in Nordqueques. May 20, 1918. Signal Corps Photo No. 13806.

Comment ca va, M'sieur Pierre,
With your shrill bon jour and your hoary hair?
With your prattle of guerre back in soixante-dix
And your je ne sais pas when we talk of peace?
Compree? Here's a camera, . . . photographie
To mug you for all Amerique to see!

Regardez plaisant! (Say, what's the word
To worm a good grin out of this old bird?
Get the kid to look up, in that book of his
A line to make Grandpa unbend his phiz!)
Compree, Grandpere? Look square at the box!
Ne . . . movez pas! (Gee, but I'm on the rocks!)

Say, Jack, ease up on your rollin' the Bull
And tell us the proper frog wheeze to pull.
You said you knew French; wasn't you to college?
C'mon, loosen up on your wad of knowledge
And ask him something practical, say,
Like "Do they sell hard in this burg's cafe?"

Compree, Grandpere? Vend-on cognac
In this one-horse town's one wet-goods shack?
C'est oui que vous dites? Tres bien! Merci!
(He says they're all right, guys; let's go see!)
Cigarette, Grandpere? You no smoke pas? Good!
(That time, all right, the old scout understood!)



Trousers were shoved on a gullible market long before the sleeping car

Upper Sixes and Sevens

How the Delights of Civilian Peace-time Travel Appeal to One Night-rider of the Grip

By George M. Murray

Illustrations by Wallgren

ANY Sunday night, in all of our best railway terminals, you can watch the start of a great offensive. That over-decorated mile-post on the road to the time-savers' Utopia, the sleeping car—cause of not a little of the prevailing unrest—boxes up an army on its horizontal advance, the grand and glorious army of traveling salesmen. Weighted with heavy equipment, consisting of bulging satchels, sample boxes and brief cases, the boys who get the orders which sell the goods which boost the firm's excess profits taxes fall in for the attack on prospects and regular customers.

Do they go into the fray singing and shouting? Not so's you'd notice it! A few veterans of the road perhaps have a quip or crank for the conductor and refer genially to the porter as "Cap," but there is no smile on the faces of the bucks. For them, the old home town—whether it be where their own or their girl's families live—takes on a new glamour after the Sunday evening supper dishes and other less tangible preliminaries have been cleared away. For them, the broad highway or the finest roadbed in America hath no charms; in them, when the hall clock struck ten, the wanderlust has gasped, "Westward, ho!"

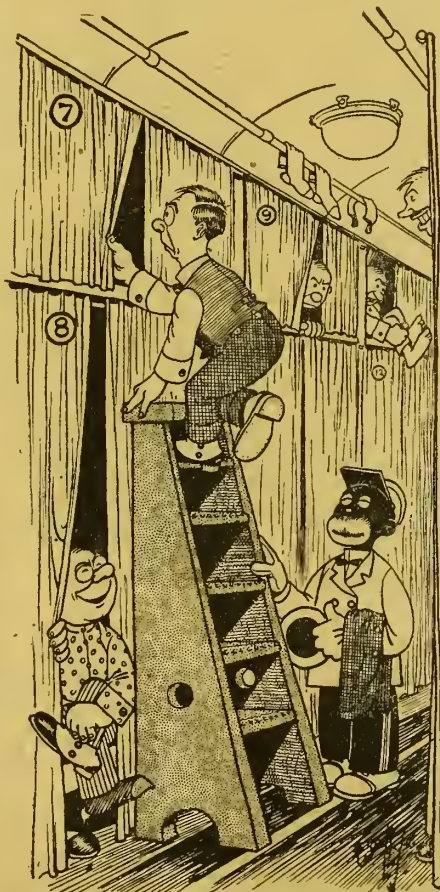
AND, when you come right down to it, can you blame them for a lack of that buoyant enthusiasm which is said to cause young men, slopping over with determination, to start gaily in quest of the diminishing dollar with all the zeal of a thirsty troubadour possessing eighteen iron men and knowledge of the whereabouts of a bootlegger? Take your hat off to them for going with such good grace as they do. They rate all that's coming to them.

A sleeping car is an awful hurdle to take before the attack has even begun, especially on a Sunday night. To begin with, you have to be a stockholder in the Pullman Company to get a lower berth. There is, of course, a small subdivision of the Committee of the Whole

of the Human Race not yet abolished by a Presidential proclamation or a constitutional amendment which prefers an upper to a lower any day. The air is better at that altitude, they say, and they simply couldn't sleep in one of those stuffy lowers.

These are the same people who, a few weeks back, bulky with fur-linings,

would come up to you when you, influenced by the feel of the wallet, had just decided to make the three-year-old coat last another winter, and exclaim: "Isn't this zero weather wonderful? Wh-e-e-e!! I feel like knocking 'em dead!" The likes of these are snoring in a variety of keys and pitches in every lower berth whenever you or I climb aboard the *Azalia*, *Fauntleroy* or *Belvedere*.



You have to be a stockholder in the Pullman Company to get a lower berth

TO step abruptly into that plushy interior of a Sunday night after the more or less bracing ozone of the train shed is to drop the first ball of bluing into the week's most indigo morning. If you tried to take a deep breath, you'd suffocate before you got it down. With a new and keener sense of sympathy for the dying swan, you surrender to the porter, successful in his portrayal of the role of a sleep-walker, mount the carpet-covered step-ladder and climb up among the rafters, incandescent lights, ventilators and coat-hooks.

Then man's most characteristic bit of apparel engrosses your attention. Everybody who wears trousers has, at one time or another, had to remove them in an upper berth. Simeon Ford made an after-dinner speech about it. Mark Twain mentions it, as he does most everything else, in passing. Side show contortionists are about the only folks who have nothing to say about it; to them, it's all a part of their act. Trousers, you see, were shoved on a gullible market long before the sleeping car. If it had been the other way around, we'd probably still be toggled in togas. I wonder if it wouldn't be cheaper—they never had to dry clean and press a toga, did they? And I don't believe they got shiny where trousers do.

How far a man shall go in night-robing himself for an upper is a matter for his own, and not your or my, conscience to decide. Personally, if we have another winter such as that which recently ran up its last coal and doctor's bills, I shall quit trying to undress when I have gone as far as is permissi-

ble in the decidedly public aisle, which, with our Anglo-Saxon sense of modesty, isn't half so far as I could go if I were working for Flo Ziegfeld or the Columbia Amusement Company.

But this talk of undress leads me to digress too far. You can't write about sleeping cars with your mind on musical comedy. To save paper, let's be blunt and say in so many words you are undressed and are now trying to wrap the draperies of your aerial couch about you and lie down to pleasant dreams.

The train is clattering merrily along over switches and crossings. It's hotter than a Texas barracks at high noon in July, but the mercury is sinking, skipper, sinking. You pull the blanket up around your shoulders and are aware a minute later that it is disconnected at the Gulf of Mexico end. A cooling draught (shades of the Eighteenth Amendment!) of air seems to seep up from below on the side toward the great outdoors. You maneuver the blanket and block it, only to have another zephyr float through the handsome green hangings on the aisle side. Old General Steam Heat is taking terrific punishment on all frontiers.

SUDDENLY, the train stops and bumps your head gently against the partition between you and upper 9. A symphony of snores rises in dreadful monotony from the lowers, accentuated no doubt by the deathly hush of standing still. In the dim, unreligious light you see a hand shoot up from the murk of upper 5 and grab an overcoat from the hook protruding from the ceiling.

By morning you've strewn over yourself everything which shortly before midnight you removed with considerable difficulty and a subsequent stiff neck. But between times you've dozed off and

you really feel all of two-point-seven-five fit when the porter tells you you've got fifteen minutes in which to dress and get off the car.

So you wriggle and writhe into a minimum amount of clothes and grope your way down the aisle to join the swaying, splashing bunch in the wash room. In here some of the gang seem to think the little tin basins are swimming pools and are attempting the plunge for distance, swishing a wet towel through the air by way of accompaniment whenever the train careens around a curve. A vigorous tooth brush raid is in progress and the cute little tooth bowl (or whatever you call it) is about to overflow its banks, a snowy collar of suds quivering on its surface.

"You ought to get one of these razors, Jim," says a man laboriously cultivating an area of his face with a nickel-plated hoe. "Always sharp and can't cut you, no matter how she leans getting 'round the curves. Of course, if you let it go crosswise the way I did then, it'll gouge you a bit," he explains after unexpectedly dislodging a piece of his chin.

"Well, I haven't committed suicide yet, and I've been lopping 'em off with the cold Damascus ever since the day I ruined the old man's razor," replies Jim.

"Some day I suppose we'll run into a freight train loaded with pig iron and I'll clip off an ear or the tip of my nose. Till then, I'm in the old school."

"You guys arguing about razors makes me tired!" puts in the man whose facial terrain is obstructed with red bristles. "Why don't you spend a quarter and get shaved?"

There is no reply save the swash of lather on some territory missed in the first plowing. Sputterings as faces are washed and curses as neckties are

jerked into place help swell the noise of cleaning the figurative feet on the threshold of another working day.

HAVING swabbed the cinders out of your eyes and combed them out of your hair, you feel almost like declaring a dividend on yourself, but one look through the soot-streaked windows of the car into a world of indescribably dingy and forlorn freight cars and lots of soft coal and mud and no sunshine or sunflowers kills any desire to give a party.

But then, it's Monday morning and allowances must be made. What's the use of crying over a tooth brush left on the train? If people like you and me didn't go out and sell goods, there wouldn't be enough money made to keep our favorite screen stars supplied with fur coats and cord tires.

You've heard that line before, eh? Sure, we all have. Some of these inspiration experts make a living selling pages of it to the magazines. The pile of monthlies next to the morning papers in the station features that uplift stuff. You know: "How I Got My Start," "Hitting Out from the Shoulder," "Big Jobs for Big Men," etc., etc. One of these days I'm going to sit down and write one and if you read it you ought to go out and add at least seventeen cents to your week's salary—if you know how to speak persuasively to the bones.

So, in a psuedo-philosophical [the boy's been to school] frame of mind you climb into the hotel bus, and when the driver asks in a real glad-to-see-you voice: "Well, what's the good word?" you forget the horrors of warring for a living and pull one you heard a tramp comedian put over in the burles down in Louisville, Kentucky.

Legion Godfathers for Three War Orphans

ADOPTED THIS WEEK	
National Headquarters, Indianapolis.....	2
Karl Ross Post, Stockton, Cal.....	1
Total.....	3

THREE French war orphans, two girls and a boy, have been assured of a year's care through the efforts of the Legion to carry on the good work begun by the A. E. F. in France. The forty-two members of the staff at National Headquarters, Indianapolis, have contributed \$150 for the support of two children, specifying a boy and a girl, and Karl Ross Post No. 16, of Stockton, California, has kicked in with \$75 for a girl mascot.

Tod Cloudsley, member of Karl Ross Post and editor of the *San Joaquin Legion*, official Legion newspaper of San Joaquin County, outlines these specifications:

"We were told that there was a wide range of choice for us, so I hope you can secure as our war orphan a little Alsace-Lorraine girl of from six to ten years whose father was killed in battle. You see, we have a big Post here and a big twice-a-month newspaper, and such a little orphan would suit the boys best because of the sentiment attached.

"Please be sure that we receive the little one's picture and address. We will put her picture in our publication and would like to have her write to us. At Christmas time, too, we shall be able to remember her."

The requests of National Headquarters
JUNE 18, 1920

ters and of Karl Ross Post have by now reached France, where the Red Cross Bureau, which is in charge of



Noella Amiot, originally adopted by the 165th Aero Squadron, A. E. F.

selecting the mascots and administering the fund and bears all the expenses involved, is busy making the selection. The pictures and stories of these orphans will appear in the *WEEKLY*.

Posts of the Legion, or individual members or friends, may adopt a French war orphan for at least one year, contributing seventy-five dollars for the first year's support. The mascots assigned will be either orphans or the children of permanently disabled French veterans.

The money should be sent to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. It will then be turned over to the American Red Cross, which will assign the children and supervise the expenditure of the money.

A specific child will be assigned to each adopting post or individual and a photograph of each mascot will be forwarded to the adopter, who thereafter may keep in touch with the ward either by direct correspondence or through the Red Cross, which will translate letters when desired.

All of the money contributed will go to the child. The Red Cross bears all expenses of administration.

The Red Cross organization which administered the overseas fund after the American Army came home has never been discontinued. It, therefore, has the advantage of long experience in helping posts select mascots.

EDITORIAL

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion.

The Legion and Labor

THE ship of policy which the Legion launched at the Minneapolis convention has proved its seaworthiness. It has weathered alike the gales of selfish politics and the storms of labor and capital. The organization as a whole has kept steadily in the channels of political and industrial neutrality.

The activities of certain posts of the Legion, however, have sometimes been presented as hostile to the interests of labor. In an organization of 9,000 posts it is inevitable that at times certain posts will run counter to the policies of the whole organization. It is to the Legion's credit that these instances have been so few. It is unfortunate, but natural, that even those few instances have been used as propaganda by the suspicious. They have lent a false strength to charges that the Legion is a hound pack of big business and a Pretorian guard of capital.

To those who have been trying to use these instances to damage the reputation of the whole Legion, Commander D'Olier has just given the direct answer. In a letter to the Adjutant of the Department of New Jersey, the Commander states unmistakably that the Legion is committed to a "hands off" policy toward labor controversies. He says:

"The American Legion has taken a very positive stand that, as an organization, it should never take any definite part in any dispute between the employer and the employe, or between capital and labor. This policy shall be adhered to strictly by the national organization, state organizations and the Posts as well. . . . There is nothing to prevent the individual member, as an individual, from taking either side in such a controversy, but The American Legion, as an organization, should not do so."

Qu'est-ce Que C'est?

THE French Army is going to turn its helmets into pigskins; having stopped shooting the Boche it is going to try shooting forward passes. It is going to play football. And it is going to play football scientifically, conscientiously, patriotically—for France.

It is going to play because the Minister of War has said it must, and because it is thought that football will vanquish vintage and high-powered cookery on the battle and waist lines of majors and colonels and generals and poilus threatened with hereditary corpulence. Football fatigue will be as much a part of the Armée Française as the vin rouge issue, and Monsieur le Général and Caporal Bonhomme and Privat Quelquénom will all have to line up for scrimmage.

But how will they be able to play football without an American dictionary! Their language imposes limitations on rooting that are almost hopeless. Just imagine the Nancy Cavalerie lined up against the Bordeaux Infanterie garrison on the Bordeaux gridiron, with the Nancys going strong and the ball on Bordeaux's one-yard line, third down.

An American rooting crowd would put that ball across instantaneously. But the French rooters can't yell

"Touchdown, Nancy!" because it wouldn't do any good. And when they tried to work the command into French, "A bas la touche," a Bordeaux tackle would probably get through the line on the first syllable and break up the play.

A Senator Is Insulted

"Senator Sherman of Illinois declared that for twenty years he had never allowed the American Federation of Labor to dictate to him and that he did not intend to permit The American Legion to do so. The attack was precipitated by a telegram received by the Senator from an American Legion post inquiring as to his attitude toward the Compensation Bill."

News Dispatch.

THE suggestion that, in asking a duly elected representative of the people how he is going to vote on a measure of vital concern to them, his constituents are "dictating" to him, has only novelty to recommend it. Or perhaps Senator Sherman merely does not regard himself as a representative of the people.

Getting the Duds Out of Office

IF the referendum and recall system had been in force among the companies of the American army some captains and lieutenants would have acquired a rifle and a pack and have been stripped of rank by the votes of the rear rank proletariat. By the same system, however, real leaders would have had little difficulty in maintaining their prerogatives.

Leadership is largely experimental. No one knows whether he has the proper qualities for it until he tries to exercise it. This is true in public affairs and football, as well as in warfare. It is also true within The American Legion.

This is the season in which most posts of the Legion will elect new post officers. It is the season in which the ranks will bring in their verdict on the Post Commander or the Post Adjutant. Most posts will do well to re-elect those officers who have built up their organization and have maintained high standards in aims and results. Other posts may have good reason to believe that a change of administration will produce better results all 'round. In any event, each post election should result in the elimination of duds. A set of unenergetic officers is an unwarranted handicap and an unnecessary one. On the other hand, every consideration should be given the men who have labored best in the interests of the Post. Each officer up for re-election should stand on his record.

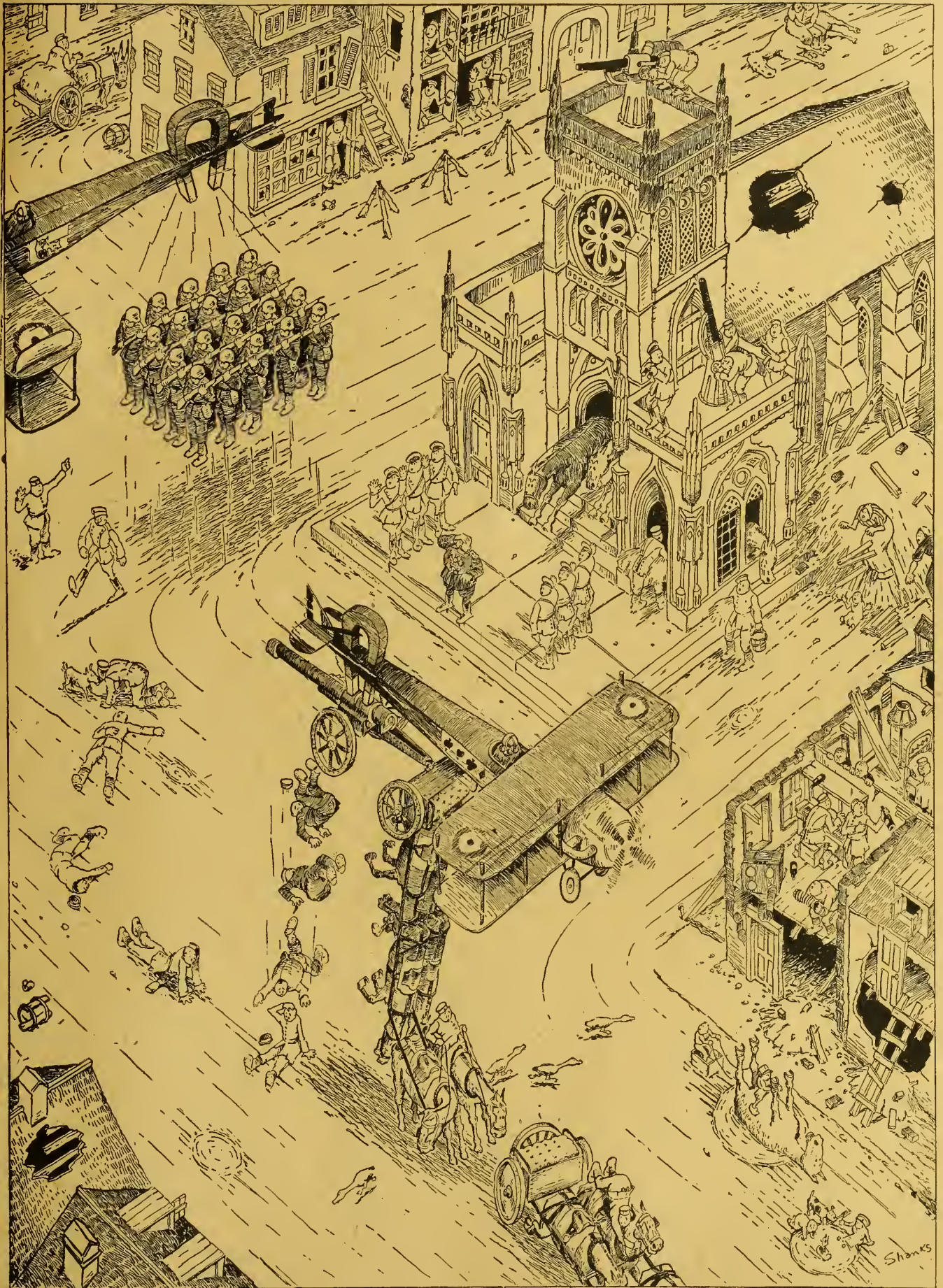
The Yankee Way

THE terrible secret is out. The skeleton has busted down the barracks door and is flaunting its bony legs in full view of the public.

Maj.-Gen. James G. Harbord, who began and ended his Army career in France as General Pershing's chief of staff (between which times he commanded the Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood, the Second Division at Soissons, and the Services of Supply), started his military career as a private. But that is not the secret. Lots of us did that.

The secret is this—that Recruit Harbord, on his first day in the service, back in 1889, even before he had drawn any uniform, went on duty as kitchen police. Not only that, but—let the General tell it—"I was on kitchen police for a month without interruption."

Even the Army can prove occasionally the truth of that fundamental principle of the American tradition—that ours is a land where achievements count for more than antecedents.



Those clever aces, Zoom and Sideslip, pick up a few Jerry prisoners

BURSTS and DUDS

THE WEEKLY pays for original material suitable for Bursts and Duds. Unavailable jokes will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Editor, Bursts and Duds, AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

The Dear Departed

She was as black as the entire suite of spades and she walked into the office of the Southern physician with a swish of skirts that betokened an exalted sense of her own importance.

"Ah wants to know," she demanded, "is you got de remains ob Mona Gibson here?"

"The wh-a-at?" gasped the doctor.

"De remains ob Mona Gibson. Ah's Mona Gibson an' Ah wants to get mah appendix."

The Financial Cootie

The unsettlement of foreign exchange has bred a considerable contempt for foreign currency in the minds of certain Americans. The American father of one Yank who had stayed in France to "clean things up" had established a generous line of credit for him. Friend Son began to hit things up rather hard, and in consequence the father received a cablegram reading: "Your son's account already overdrawn 100,000."

To which he cabled back to the bankers:

"If you mean dollars send him home; if you mean pounds tell him to be careful; if you mean those funny little things let him have all he wants."

The Lesser Evil

The company had just landed and been assigned to its dismal billets. Outside the rain was pouring down as only a French rain knows how to do. The two buddies stood at the cowshed door inspecting the alleged sunny clime.

"Well," sighed one, "now that you're here, Bill, what do you think of it?"

"I'll tell you," replied the other candidly, "if I owned hell and France I'd sure sublet France and live in hell."

On Trial

Customer: "I'm mighty particular about how my hair is cut. Do you think you can do a good job on it?"

Barber: "Well, I'm reckoned fairly decent, but if you want I'll do one side of your head first so you can see how you look."

Lost Treasure

Out in the wilds of No Man's Land the lieutenant on patrol encountered a dusky private, anxiously searching the ground on hands and knees.

"Here, you," he demanded gruffly. "What the devil are you doing out here?"

"Suh," replied the darky with tears in his eyes, "Ah's lookin' fo' mah

buddy's hand what got shot off heah."

"Oh, I'm sorry," exclaimed the officer, touched at such a friendship.

"But that's no use, you know. His hand will never do him any good now."

"No, suh, 'tain't dat, but when it got

tracks as he was making his tour of inspection through the woods. Despite the strict order that not a light should be shown, a hundred sparkling points were glimmering among the trees.

"Dammit!" he roared, forgetting all about the similar order against noise. "Put out those matches. What do you think you're doing?"

"Those aren't matches, sir," replied a meek voice out of the darkness. "They're fireflies."

"Makes no difference what they are!" shouted the lieutenant wrathfully. "Put 'em out!"

By Elimination

Riff: "After they get through with De la Huerta who'll be the next president of Mexico?"

Raff: "Who've they got left?"

All Depends

"Ma'am," asked the colored vote getter, "may Ah inquiah does yo' believe in a mandate—"

"G'wan, man," retorted Miss Euphemia Jackson cooly, "fust yo got git an interduccion wid me. Den mebbe Ah'll 'low yo' to make one wid me fo' de movies."

Latest Fashion

Customer: "What's the latest thing in desk calendars?"

Clerk: "Sorry, sir, nothing later than 1920 yet and even they are rather out of date."

Thy Other Cheek

On the stools in the crowded lunch-room the customers were eating almost cheek to cheek. One stool was occupied by an old and decrepit man, the expression in whose eyes suggested poor vision. Poising his fork vaguely in the air he managed to ram it into his neighbor's cheek.

The injured one broke into fluent profanity, stopping only on receiving a violent nudge from his companion.

"Shut up," the latter urged. "Can't you see he's blind?"

"Gosh, I didn't notice," whispered the wounded man after an inspection. Then, turning around on the stool, he offered, "Here you are, old timer. Try the other ear and take a good bite."

The Suspect

Some of the old-time workers have not yet grown accustomed to the new regime.

One of them, who had been a shipyard man all his life, but had just tackled this particular job, went to the



GOING TO THE DOGS

shot off it done had mah bes' pair ob dice in it."

Matter of Tenses

"Now," said the officer instructing the green recruits. "Suppose you, Jones, were out on guard duty and an entire Germany company should come up to where you were. What would you do?"

"Sir," answered Jones without hesitation, "they never would come up to where I was. Maybe, though, they might come up to where I had been."

And Make It Snappy

Astounded at such gross negligence, the brand-new lieutenant halted in his



The Bug: Confound it! I wish they'd go back to meatless days again.

boss one morning with a 100 percent grievance.

"Look here," he expostulated. "I may be a new man and all that, but there's a limit to what I stand for. You don't need to have that detective chasin' me around all the time."

"What's eatin' you?" queried the big chief.

"Why, that sneaky lookin' guy that's been following me round for the last two days. What's the big idea?"

"My gosh, man!" bellowed the boss. "That's no detective. That's your helper."

Not an Effort

To the last of the long-lingering A. E. F., the days preceding their departure were so long and dragging that after a while hope ceased to spring eternal.

A welfare worker at an interior town in France came across a soldier in paroxysms of grief.

"What's the matter, buddy?" he inquired.

"It's this way," replied the soldier, raising a tear-stained face. "When the draft came they found me right

away, and bingo! comes my number right out of the hat. But now that I'm here where they can put their finger on me any minute they want, seems like they don't make the slightest attempt."

Spiritual Spanking

"Willie," exclaimed the young widow to her recalcitrant offspring, "if you don't behave yourself and come in the house right away I'll get out the ouija board and have your poor, dear papa give you a good scolding."

THE VOICE of the LEGION

On the Mailing List

To the Editor: Enclosed is check for one dollar. Please send the WEEKLY to Senator Sherman of Illinois.

His stock of patriotism seems to have atrophied or decayed, and he need injections in large doses. We would like to help give them to him. We helped put him where he is, but at the present time we are ashamed to admit it.

Hoping that he will read and profit by our magazine, we remain, two of the "degenerated patriots and would-be looters of the Treasury,"

R. IVES LAW

G. BOYD LAW

Savanna Post No. 148,
Savanna, Ill.

P. S. Much luck to that "disgraceful organization," The American Legion. (The quotations are all Senator Sherman's, as you probably know.)

The Dodger's Bit

To the Editor: I read with satisfaction the short article in the WEEKLY on the duty of the Legion to the disabled and the dependents of the dead of the great war.

Would just like to offer this suggestion, in regard to the bunch of inglorious who are (?) soon to meet justice for their nonparticipation in the greatest duty that can come to any real man.

Why not assess fines against this gang, heavy enough to amount to something, probably on a scale according to what the dodger was worth financially, and use this money for the relief of the disabled soldier and the families of the dead soldiers?

It seems to me that every time these scoundrels had to pay an installment on these fines they would get enough ridicule from their acquaintances to help remind them rather forcibly that dodging when our grand old Uncle Sammie needs the help of his entire household is not a paying or a popular business.

J. S. WILSON

Lake Village, Ark.

Give Him the Watch

To the Editor: All ex-service men are, no doubt, overjoyed to note that Congress has listened to the voice of good business judgment and buried the iniquitous soldiers' compensation bill. They will all agree that Congress is duty bound to go further and relieve those business institutions that bore the burden of the struggle with the

Letters submitted for publication in "The Voice of the Legion" must be about subjects that are of general interest to members. Demands of space compel the editors to impose a strict limit of two hundred words on all communications, at the same time admitting a strong preference for those that are even shorter.

Central Powers. In order to do my part, I submit the following taxation scheme for the hearty endorsement and approval of all ex-service men:

PROPOSAL TO RELIEVE THE EXCESSIVE FINANCIAL BURDEN NOW BEING BORNE BY SUFFERING CORPORATIONS

To be paid by taxation of former service men, as the clothing, feeding and caring for same was the cause of said burden.

PLACE THE TAX WHERE IT BELONGS.
LET THE MAN WHO ENJOYED THE WAR PAY THE BILL.

First. A tax of one percent on daily earnings of ex-service men for periods April 6, 1917, to November 11, 1919, inversely proportional to the said earnings:

Rank.	Pay.	Tax.
Buck private, \$1 per diem....	10 cents	
First lieutenant, \$6 per diem..	4 cents	
Captain, \$8 per diem.....	2 cents	

Second. Immediate return of \$60 bonus. No man should put a price on his heroics.

Third. A charge of \$100 per one way for trip to Europe. Relatives of those not returning liable for one way only.

Fourth. Medical and surgical charge to soldiers receiving same:

Services in bandaging one arm stump	\$25
Services in replacing one leg.....	\$25
Gas treatment, \$1 per cubic meter of gas consumed.	

Fifth. Tax of one cent per kilo for distance covered on foreign soil.

Sixth. Rental tax of one centime per cootie (harboring pets in governmental uniform).

Seventh. Flat monthly tax for time spent in service instead of productive work.

INDORSED BY ALL 101.09 PERCENT AMERICANS

Surtax on tax already due: Start at ten percent for twenty kilometers as per distance from the scene of activities from front line (Boche), increasing up to sixty-five percent if within twenty-three centimeters of front line (Boche).

GEORGE D. GERSON

Portland, Ore.

A Real One Hundred Percenter

To the Editor: I do not see how a soldier in this country can even file on land here without a loan from the Government to improve the land with. I am an Indian soldier. I have ten acres of land and water rights, but I feel that the Government should help me, because the Indian Department does not even give me seed and I have never been well since I left the camps.

I should like to hear from some of the buddies that were at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, Machine Gun Battalion, Ninety-first Division.

REV. WHITEFEATHER

Fallon, Nev.

Our Hero's Return

To the Editor: I'm just a school girl, but I composed this little poetry some time ago, but was in school, and have just now found time to send it in, so will you please be so kind as to publish it, that he may see it. My brother takes the WEEKLY and my used-to-be-soldier too.

I have a little soldier boy;
But you can't guess his name,
Nor the country to which he went,
But he went there just the same.

With all the battles he went through
Almost equalled what I had to do,
But the worst of it was when we had
to part,
For of all my beaus, he was my sweet-heart.

The eight months he spent over sea
Seemed a year or two to me,
Then at last a letter from N. Y. came,
Saying, "I'll be there Sun., sunshine
or rain."

But when he arrived he was bashful
we know,
For my Ma she was watching him so.
He ne'er pretended to kiss me or even
call me dear,
But merely touched my shoulder and
whispered in my ear.

Now I listen Sun. morning at half-
past eight,
For a telephone call to make a date.
Of course the reply is always yes,
For of all my sweethearts he's my best.

TINY

Shannon, Miss.

The Legion and the Unions

To the Editor: Beginning last month, Legion Posts throughout the United States were to start a great membership drive. Thinking it my duty to assist in this great undertaking, I proceeded to line up about ten young men, all of them having been in the service and entitled to membership.

About four of these men were ready. The others balked. Why? Because they thought the Legion's stand toward organized labor was not just what it should be.

This is one of the Legion's greatest obstacles. The union men who were in the service and have not yet joined the Legion must be shown that the Legion is not a scab organization. I am a union man myself, and if my union
(Continued on page 22)

WHAT *the* POSTS are DOING

Business men and Legion members of Watseka, Ill., will hold a joint picnic.

Legionnaires of Decatur, Ill., used an airplane to advertise their recent membership drive.

One of the newest posts has been established at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

Aurora, Ill., Legionnaires signed up fifty new members in an hour's street campaign.

Carl Barnes Post of Ranger, Tex., invites letters from Legionnaires wishing information about the oil fields in its district.

Twenty membership booths were operated in Monmouth, Ill., to facilitate the signing up of Legion recruits. Ten booths were used at Joliet, Ill.

Officers of the Herbert Hillman Post of Mart, Tex., protested against the proposed showing of a motion picture film featuring Jack Dempsey.

Commander Sam McMeekin of the Jefferson Post, Louisville, Ky., is not least on the roll of fame. A race horse has been named after him.

Milford, Conn., Post conducted a dance at the Milford town hall for the benefit of the G. A. R. Enough money was made to assure the financing of G. A. R. activities for several years.

Airplane flights will be one of the features of the Fourth of July celebration to be given by the Eldon C. Kinnie Post of Ellsworth, Wis., at the Pierce County fair grounds.

Archibald Howard Scally Post of South Baltimore, Md., elected its officers by a referendum vote, each member being a possible candidate for any of the offices.

Merriam Park Post of St. Paul, Minn., maintains a summer home on White Bear Lake, has its own baseball team, gives monthly dances and has free smokes and chow at all regular meetings.

John Rolinski Post of Toluca, Ill., has to have an interpreter at its meetings, because about half of its 183 members were born in Italy. But the interpreter won't be needed much longer, its chairman reports.

Burch Wood Post of Washington, Ind., gave a fair and spring festival under a large circus tent. An automobile, a talking machine, two Liberty Bonds, a kitchen cabinet and other prizes were given to those who attended.

The Rev. John Tallmadge Bergen, chaplain of the Theodore Peterson Post of Minneapolis, Minn., has prepared an American Legion liturgy for use by posts at memorial services or at any gatherings of a religious nature.

The H. H. Donkersley Post of Yuma, Ariz., favors legislation to open for soldier settlement 260,000 acres of Indian lands along the Colorado River, mostly in Arizona. Twenty thousand acres are in California.

Post No. 50 of Philadelphia, composed of young women who served as yeomen (f), gave a dance on May 18 at the Rittenhouse Hotel, at which a number of high-ranking naval officers were the chief guests.

Warsaw, Poland, is now the home of one of the newest posts of the Legion. An application for a charter, signed

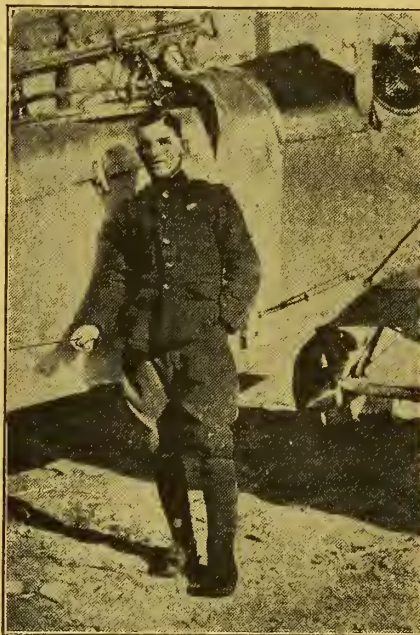
This department is a clearing house of ideas, where accomplishments of one post may suggest possibilities for all posts. Originality is the best recommendation of an item for this department. Photographs of Legion members who have interesting records, of Legion happenings, and of Legion clubhouses are wanted. Address Editor, What the Posts are Doing.

by one hundred former officers and enlisted men of the A. E. F., has been received at National Headquarters.

A Wisconsin-Minnesota Interstate Legion Baseball League has been formed by the following posts: Hastings and Stillwater, of Minnesota; Hudson, River Falls, New Richmond and Ellsworth, of Wisconsin. Twenty games will be played.

Every Sunday morning fifteen Legionnaires of Palo Alto, Cal., and Stanford University—chosen in rotation from the roll of the Fremont Post—start out for a two-mile hike to the Government hospital where there are many invalid veterans. The men of the

A FLYING SERGEANT



If certain German airmen had been better machine gun marksmen, Firestone Park Post of Akron, O., would have a different manager of its baseball team. Fred C. Graveline, the Post's baseball general, was the first enlisted man in the Air Service to receive the D. S. C. for active flying duty. He is believed to be also the only enlisted man of the A. E. F. who piloted a combat plane to victory over enemy airmen. In the St. Mihiel drive, when his outfit became short of officer pilots, Sergeant Graveline volunteered to take up a fighting plane. He was officially credited with bringing down three German planes on this trip, and unofficially is credited with two additional planes. He also saw active flying service in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne. He served with the Twentieth Aero Squadron of the First Day Bombing Group.

visiting committees scatter through the wards, swapping stories and offering their services to the patients. The Fremont Post was instrumental in getting a full-time representative of the War Risk Insurance Bureau stationed at the hospital.

At a recent meeting of the Spokane, Wash., Post, the commander announced that the membership was 2,999. "I'll make it 3,000!" said Arthur Peterson, a sailor from the Oklahoma, who was on furlough and was attending the meeting as a guest.

Codington County Post of Watertown, S. D., obtains new quarters in the G. A. R. hall of Watertown, by an agreement under which the memory of Freeman Thayer Post of the G. A. R. will be perpetuated. The Sons of Veterans has received the deed to the hall.

Warren Black Post, Ottawa, Kans., will conduct the municipal Fourth of July celebration in its town. Ottawa is erecting a memorial auditorium, which will give free quarters for the post. Legionnaires have organized a military band which gives a concert every meeting night.

Irvington, N. J., Post visited convalescent veterans at Fox Hills Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y., on a recent Sunday. With the twenty-five automobiles carrying the Post members was a truck loaded with 18,000 smokes, fifty-four home-made cakes, flowers, fruit, books and magazines.

Lafayette Post, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will give a complimentary dance on the evening of June 30 and invites the attendance of all Legionnaires who will be in Poughkeepsie for the intercollegiate regatta, which will be held the day following the dance. A membership card of any Legion post will be accepted for admission.

Twenty-eight posts in Kansas have pledged themselves to aid in a "big brother" probation system to be operated under the direction of the superintendent of the state industrial school for boys. When a boy is paroled from the state institution, the superintendent will notify the commander of the post in the boy's home town. A Legionnaire will be selected by the commander to act as the boy's advisor.

As a feature of the membership drive by posts in Baltimore, Md., and vicinity, cards were placed in the windows of the homes of Legionnaires. The cards announced: "This House is Honored with a Member of The American Legion." The Legion emblem appeared on the cards, which were printed in three colors. Posts were also used to advertise the drive. Eighty-seven posts took part.

Signal Post No. 343, New York City, composed of former members of the 102nd Field Signal Battalion, Twenty-seventh Division, has voted to extend a membership invitation to all women who served with telephone units of the Signal Corps during the war. Enrollment cards will be furnished by the secretary, Signal Post No. 343, The American Legion, 100 East Thirty-fourth street, New York City. The Post recently gave an "overalls and gingham dance."

THE HUNT FOR BERGDOLL

THE hunt for Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, America's arch draft dodger, is at this writing going on systematically with the Legion contributing its share. While nothing positive has been accomplished, it is safe to say that, thanks largely to Legion vigilance, there are many sections of these forty-eight states in which it would not be exactly safe for Bergdoll to exhibit that skill for automobile driving in which he is reported to glory.

The accompanying poster is an exact reproduction of the official War De-

partment warning which has been sent broadcast over the country. The Military Intelligence Section of the General Staff, U. S. A., is eager to place one of these posters in the hands of every Legion post.

In the meantime the popular clamor for an official inquiry into the escape of Bergdoll is having its effect. Before Congress adjourned for the political conventions the House Rules Committee favorably reported a resolution calling for a Congressional investigation.

ARREST THIS MAN

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL,

convicted for violation of the 58th Article of War (Draft Evader). Sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Escaped from military guard at Philadelphia, Pa., on May 21, 1920. Was a fugitive from Justice from August 8, 1917, to January 7, 1920.



DESCRIPTION.—White; 28 years old; 5 feet 4 inches tall; 175 pounds; heavy build; broad, square shoulders; dark brown hair, brushed back from forehead; dark brown eyes; good teeth, but stained from tobacco; scar on neck and throat; is a member of a wealthy Philadelphia family and has traveled extensively. Constantly on the move and probably accompanied by a male companion. Expert automobile driver and traveler, and delights in exploiting his ability. Flashy and dramatic. Liberal spender and well supplied with money. When last seen was in a Hudson Super Six Automobile, Pennsylvania License No. 85478, accompanied by chauffeur.

If located, arrest and notify nearest Military Post, Agent of the Department of Justice, or local Police authorities and the Military Intelligence Division, General Staff, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Five hundred dollars reward will be paid by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY for the capture of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll. This offer was made on May 24, following the escape of the millionaire draft dodger from the custody of the military authorities. It was announced that, whether or not he was recaptured before this notification was in the hands of the readers of the WEEKLY, the money, in addition to all other rewards, would be given to the person or persons who should

apprehend or furnish exclusive information leading to the apprehension and delivery to the proper authorities of this fugitive. The amount will be paid upon receipt of information from the Adjutant General of the Army of the delivery of the fugitive into the custody of the proper military authorities and the name of the person or persons entitled to the reward. From other sources have come other offers of rewards which bring the total offered for Bergdoll's capture to more than \$4,000.

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ULYSSIANS UP TO DATE

OLYMPUS and the Acropolis are six thousand miles from Minnesota. No oracle ever uttered prophecies in Minnesota. No decisive battles in the history of the world were ever fought on a Minnesota plain. No conqueror ever went forth from Minnesota to stand in the spotlight of world glory.

But today Minneapolis is the conservator of real Grecian traditions. She has inherited from the ages a band of contemporary warriors who are the descendants of men who fought at Marathon, Salamis and Syracuse. She has among her citizens who followed Pershing in France several hundred men whose ancestors followed Alexander the Great, and, if legend may be believed, were members of the expeditionary forces of Ulysses.

For Minneapolis is the home of the Hellenic Post of The American Legion. All of the Post's members—approximately 200 of them—were born in Greece. Today, however, all are American citizens, and, as the photograph shows, they are 1920 models. They won an honorable place in the Odyssey of the American Army and now are contributing the genius of their ancient blood strain to the task

of perfecting happy and industrious American citizenship.

The Hellenic Post is one of the liveliest organizations in Minnesota. Its entertainments have won a name for excellence. The accompanying photograph is a section of the group photograph of the entire Post taken at its outing at Tonka Bay on Lake Minnetonka on May 14. The members made the trip to the bay in their own automobiles. The story of the outing as told by E. A. Frangos, post adjutant, and Nick Papageanoulis, vice chairman, sounds like a chapter out of the story of the quest for the Golden Fleece. Like their Peloponnesian ancestors who celebrated the end of each voyage by feasting, the Hellenians of Minneapolis drew upon the Minnesota flocks to give the right touch to their holiday.

The dinner was followed by Athenian sports—running, jumping, discus throwing and some others. After the feast and games, the Minneapolis Hellenians did not have to trust to sails and oars. They simply climbed into their twenty motor cars and raced for the horizon with Jove in his sun chariot.

PAYING LEGION OBLIGATIONS

DEBTS aggregating \$33,005 and accrued interest amounting to \$11,763 were paid off by The American Legion during April, according to the latest financial statement issued by the National Treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall. The statement, which presents the financial status of the Legion as of April 30, 1920, is reassurance that the initial expenditure of some \$257,000 which the Legion borrowed prior to the Minneapolis convention for use in establishing a firm basis on which to build the permanent organization of the Legion was wisely made. Otherwise, the Legion could not

be paying off these obligations so early.

"When the responsible heads selected by the St. Louis caucus began laying their plans for the permanent national organization of the Legion," explained Mr. Tyndall, "they needed money. Anyone who has had to do with the institution of a new enterprise appreciates that it is necessary to sustain an initial loss to be liquidated later over a period of time when the organization shall have become a success. So with the Legion, and it should be particularly gratifying to every member that we are able to

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

begin the repayment of this debt so soon.

"The Legion was conceived as a national organization, and in order that the initial financial burden should rest proportionately on all sections of the country the obligation to raise the initial working capital was distributed throughout the entire country by apportionment according to Federal Reserve Bank districts. The \$257,000 thus was raised in all parts of the country, in ninety-two separate loans, guaranteed by more than 200 individuals. These loans are legal debts, acknowledged by the Minneapolis convention, and constitute ordinary, normal business transactions. The notes bear interest, and every penny of interest and principal will be paid off as fast as our present stable resources warrant.

"National Headquarters receives no financial support except from dues and the sale of emblems, excluding, of course, the trust fund given by the Y. M. C. A., which now approaches \$400,000. This money, which probably will be increased to \$500,000 after the final audit of the Y. M. C. A. canteen account, will be invested in safe securities pending the appointment of the Fletcher American National Bank of Indianapolis as trustee, the National Executive Committee having decided the fund shall be held in trust for five years. The principal, under this plan, will be invested and reinvested, and the income used for the benefit of ex-service persons."

SEEKING LAND LAW CHANGES

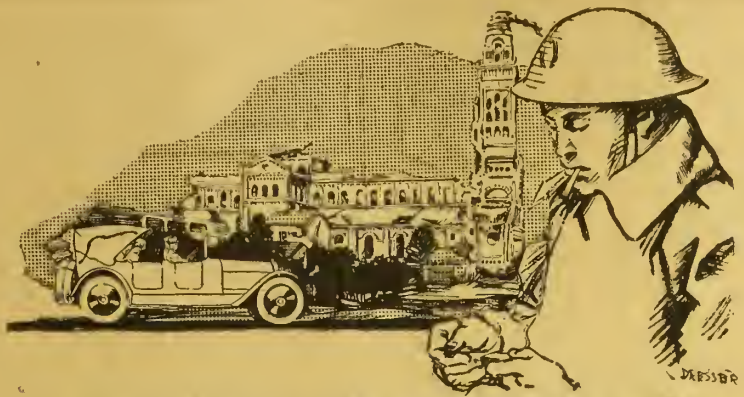
THE Land Settlement Committee of the Department of California is endeavoring to obtain a referendum vote by the people on the question of amending the present law governing land grants to veterans, so that men with little initial capital may benefit. R. W. Waterman, acting chairman of the committee, has written:

"I have never encountered as impossible conditions of acquiring land as the conditions laid out by the State Land Settlement Board of California. Today any real estate firm in the West offers better purchasing opportunities, with more chance for a man to make good and secure property at less cost, than the State Land Settlement Board is now offering to ex-service men."

Under the present law, each applicant must, within ten days after being granted an allotment, pay to the state board five percent of the purchase price of the allotment and ten percent of the cost of existing improvements. The board also has ruled that applicants must have \$1,500 in cash or its equivalent in farm machinery.

In order to obtain an allotment of forty acres, says Mr. Waterman, veterans must pay \$3,000 within ten days after the granting of an allotment, and have \$1,500 besides. These financial requirements practically eliminate them, Mr. Waterman contends.

The object of the referendum is to amend the law, so that veterans would be permitted to make payments on the land through their own efforts in developing it, and so that payments may be postponed during the earliest years of occupancy when the land does not yield the returns it will give later.



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PAGE 18

THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of the WEEKLY, the American Legion expects to assemble as complete a library as possible covering the field of American activity in the great war. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in this office for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and thereafter in most cases noticed in brief reviews.

Books Received

HISTORY OF THE 321ST INFANTRY. With a Brief Historical Sketch of the Eighty-first Division. By Corporal Clarence Walton Johnson, Company H. R. L. Bryan Company, Columbia, S. C.

SMASHING THROUGH THE WORLD WAR WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C. (102nd F. A., Twenty-sixth Division.) By Lieut. Edward D. Sirois and Corporal William McGinnis. Revised by Lieut. John Hogan. Meek Press, Salem, Mass.

HISTORY OF THE 313TH U. S. INFANTRY. (Seventy-ninth Division.) By Lieut. Henry C. Thorn. Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

RECORD OF S. S. U. 585 (Yale Ambulance Unit with the French Army.) Prepared for the Unit by George J. Shively, Editor-in-chief. Brick Row Book Shop, Inc., New Haven, Conn., and 19 E. 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH ENGINEERS IN FRANCE. Berger-Levrault Press, 18 Rue de Glacis, Nancy, France.

COMPANY A, 314TH ENGINEERS, ITS HISTORY. (Eighty-ninth Division.) By William S. Haswell and Charles S. Stevenson.

AMONG the multitude of wars after the war that have vexed the late A. E. F., none has waxed hotter than the recent and now happily settled dispute as to whether the Eighty-first Division participated in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The records prove conclusively that it did. General Pershing has declared that it most certainly did. And now rises Corporal Clarence Walton Johnson, in his "History of the 321st Infantry," to tell the world that the records and General Pershing are right. The Eighty-first not only participated, but it was in at the finish, fighting straight up to the stroke of eleven and the great silence.

Corporal Johnson's account is a readable story of his outfit—and a good story in spite of the fact that he once uses the word "Sammie." The 321st's baptism of fire came in a Vosges sector, as did many another regiment's. Before it went in, its commanding officer, Colonel Frank Halstead, made the gang a speech which Corporal Johnson reproduces entire, and of which at least a scrap or two is worth reproducing here:

"I know how heavy your packs are. Made them as heavy as they are, and when you get up there in the mountains you are going to be damned glad that you have that extra blanket."

"I never was so anxious to get into anything. I may not feel that way about it tomorrow, or the next day, and I don't mean to say I never was scared, for I have been damned badly scared. The usual thing is that you get scared thinking about it, but when you get into it, there is nothing will stop a real live man."

Inquirers as to what's in a name will be interested to know that the Eighty-first got its sobriquet, The Wildcat Division, from the fact that Wildcat Creek flows along one edge of Camp Jackson, S. C., where the outfit was mobilized.

WHAT did it feel like to be wounded? Let Corporal William McGinnis, co-author with Lieut. (earlier Corporal) Edward D. Sirois of "Smashing Through the World War with Fighting Battery C," a unit of the

102nd Field Artillery, Twenty-sixth Division, which will wear a goodly number of battle clasps above its Victory Medal—if Washington ever gets around to issuing it—let the Corporal, as we started to say, tell about it.

"I was asleep about fifteen minutes," he writes, "when suddenly without the least warning I heard a terrific explosion. I was dazed for a moment and did not know what to do, but as my vision became clearer I observed the branches of the trees overhead trembling and the leaves falling to the



Figurative portrayal of a Wildcat in action

From "The History of the 321st Infantry"

ground. The odor of burned powder seemed to choke me; I seemed to be floating in space; everything was turning red; I was losing control of myself.

"I made an effort to stand up, but my legs refused to support me and I fell flat on the ground. I did not know that I was hit. I was conscious of something having happened, but what it was I could not tell. I wanted to talk, but somehow my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Peculiar sounds were running in my head.

"Soon I felt a burning sensation in my chest, near my throat and in my left shoulder. My left arm was lying stiff across my chest, and my head refused to move from right to left. I realized that something was wrong. I pulled myself together again, but found I could not stand erect. However, I started off. I had no idea where I was going, but felt this was no place for me. I wanted to speak to somebody, to learn what was the matter. I was afraid that I had gone insane from the concussion of the exploding shell.

"Someone in the battery ran out and grabbed me. Sergeant Davis and Corporal Hart were lying on the ground having their wounds dressed. When I saw the bandage being placed on them, the thought came to me in a flash that I was hit. This was the first time my mind had worked clear."

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

FROM NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Commander D'Olier on Tour

THE National Commander will set forth next week on a tour of reconnaissance, and greeting, which, it is hoped, will carry him to the home states of more than half a million Legionnaires distributed from the tidewater of Virginia to the Pacific slope.

An itinerary has been arranged for twenty states, none of which Mr. D'Olier has visited officially before, but a complication of administrative and executive problems, arising almost at the last moment, makes it impossible to determine whether the full schedule can be carried out.

At any rate the Commander will start the trip according to plan, and part of the Southern swing, where preparations already have been made for the Commander's reception, will be completed. He will be accompanied by Mrs. D'Olier. The following appearances are certain:

Richmond, Va., June 21.

Charlestown, W. Va., June 23.

Louisville, Ky., June 25.

Nashville, Tenn., June 26.

Vincennes, Ind., June 28, where the Commander will address the Indiana State Convention.

It is expected that announcement can be made next week as to the continuance of the tour.

"No one," said the Commander, "will regret it more keenly than I will if circumstances make it impossible for me to make this tour of the West. I had hoped to begin it in April, but the constant recurrence of matters of official business demanding my attention at Headquarters again and again has forced a postponement of my plans.

"The membership may be assured that it is duty and not desire that will keep me away, if it turns out that I shall be unable to grant myself a six weeks' leave of absence for the purpose of taking this trip. I am still hoping, however, that within eight or ten days I will be able to see my way clear to go."

The emblem department at National Headquarters has been almost swamped of late by the demand for the official Legion grave-marker. A movement has been started, and is particularly strong in New England, to mark the grave of every ex-service man of the great war in this country. In the first week of May, 943 orders for the official marker were received at National Headquarters.

A plan to have the home communities of soldier dead whose bodies will not be returned from France commemorate them by the establishment of local Fields of Honor, under the supervision of the posts of The American Legion, has been suggested by Leon Schwarz, a member of the National Executive Committee. Mr. Schwarz explained the plan at a recent meeting of Lamar Y. McLeod Post, Mobile, Ala., and a special committee of the post is now working out details of the proposal. It has been suggested that each local Field of Honor should have a small tablet, or stone, placed in memory of each man buried in France, or elsewhere distant from his home.



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DON'T send a peony. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.76 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$22.50 a month until \$33.76 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

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This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows how one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginners or experienced players. Endorsed by great Artists. Success for graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diplomas granted. Write today for free book.

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\$47.25 Profit IN FOUR HOURS

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Doughnut Making business has wonderful possibilities. Doughnuts have taken country by storm. Enormous demand must be supplied. \$25 to \$100 a day can be earned easily with this machine.

Put this **Automatic Doughnut Machine** in display window and attract crowds; enticing odor whets appetites; you take in money fast. One man says: "Made \$47.25 profit four hours after set up machine." Others report earnings equal or better. Big money in wholesaling to hotels, stores, restaurants, etc.

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Get in on ground floor—act quickly before others start. These machines pay big anywhere—no town too small. Get full details of this new, profitable business—it costs nothing to investigate. Sign and send Coupon today.

NATIONAL DOUGHNUT MACHINE CO., Dept. C
301 Wayne Bldg., Toledo, O.

Send particulars about Automatic Doughnut Machine and business.

Name _____
Address _____

The American Legion Automobile Radiator Decoration

Manufactured and Distributed only by National
Headquarters of The American Legion



Emblem Patented December 9, 1919
Copyrighted 1919 The American Legion

Actual size about 5 inches in diameter. Made in full emblem colors—Gold, Bronze and Blue.

Equipped with wire lugs for fastening to front of radiator.

Sold only to members of The American Legion or for their use. All orders must be signed by an authorized officer of Local Post or must contain statement that writer is a member of The American Legion.

Price.....\$3.00 Each
War Tax 5%......15

Total Price.....\$3.15 Each

All Orders Should be Accompanied by Remittance

The American Legion Automobile Radiator Cap Decoration

Manufactured and Distributed Only by National
Headquarters of The American Legion



Emblem Patented December 9, 1919
Copyright 1919 The American Legion

Actual size about two and one-half inches in diameter. Made in full emblem colors—Gold, Bronze and Blue. Equipped with bolt and nut for fastening to radiator cap.

Price.....\$2.60 Each
War Tax 5%......13
Total Price.....\$2.73 Each

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

Emblem Division, Natl. Headquarters
The American Legion
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA



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MISSING MEN

Inquiries to this department should be addressed
MISSING MEN, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.
Use of these columns is restricted to relatives and friends seeking information concerning men killed, wounded or missing. Casual requests for the whereabouts of men who have returned to their homes cannot be inserted because of lack of space. Photographs cannot be printed.

BURTON, GEORGE E., formerly of 2nd Co., 1st Dev. Bn., disappeared after a serious accident in January, 1919. Information regarding his whereabouts is wanted by G. H. Cooper, Box 12, Eliot station, Detroit, Mich.

CROSSFIELD, ROY, was discharged in July, 1919, in some Western state after having served in 20th Co., 20th Eng. He may be working as a lumberjack. His father, J. W. Crossfield, Little Falls, Minn., wants information regarding him.

CRUTCHFIELD, WILLIAM C., Pvt., Med. Det., General Hospital No. 16, has been missing since Dec. 5, 1919. Information about him is wanted by O. C. Smith, Home Service Section, Red Cross, Benton, Ill.

FREESTONE, THOMAS L.—Relatives of this man, who was killed while acting as a chauffeur with the 8th Field Signal Bn., can get information about his death from C. R. Schuster, Western Union Telegraph Co., Toledo, O.

HAMMER, LOY E., chauffeur, was killed while serving with the 8th Field Signal Bn. His relatives can learn particulars of his death by writing to C. R. Schuster, Western Union Telegraph Co., Toledo, O.

LEESON, JAMES D., missing, was traced to England, where his photograph in a group of eight U. S. Army mechanics was taken by a photographer for Underwood & Underwood. He is believed to have served in the Canadian or English armies. He spoke seven languages and may have been an interpreter. Anyone able to identify Leeson from the group photograph is asked to write to his mother, Mrs. Louis Gerarden, 418-39th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

LOVERIDGE, VAL D., was discharged Jan. 15, 1918, at Fort Logan, Colo., but did not return to his home at Weston, Ore. He was a photographer by trade. Information about him can be sent to the Home Service Section, Red Cross, Denver, Colo.

MASON, GUSTAVE, Pvt.—Relatives believed to be living somewhere in New Hampshire are asked to write to R. Kehoe, 111 Factory St., Jersey City, N. J., who has information for them. Mason died in France on Oct. 10, 1918, while serving with 7th Inf. San. Det.

PARKER, ARCH M., was last heard from while with the 52nd D. B., Camp Upton, L. I. His uncle wants to reach him in order to settle an estate. Write Robert Parker, 211 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa.

POND, RAYMOND E., of Co. D., 58th Inf., was reported wounded in action on Oct. 7, 1918, and missing in action on Oct. 6, but his mother received a returned letter stamped on the back with a note that he had returned to the United States with casualties on June 10, 1919. She has received no further word. Write Mrs. P. C. Pond, 50 Parker St., Bangor, Me.

RHEINHARDT, J. MELVIN, was last heard from on Christmas Day, 1918, while serving with the 148th Inf. Med. Det. at a camp in Alabama. His whereabouts are sought by W. H. Blair, 2234 Kemper Lane, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

9TH INF., Co. A—Pvt. George H. Burke was killed in action at St. Mihiel on Sept. 12, 1918. Men of his company who knew of his death are requested to send particulars to his sister, Mary H. Burke, 945 Leavenworth st., San Francisco, Cal. She is particularly eager to learn the location of her brother's grave.

11TH INF., Co. I—Pvt. Barr was killed in action in the Bois de Rappes, near Cunel, Argonne Forest, on Oct. 20, 1918. His mother wants details of his death and burial. Write to Mrs. Evangeline Barr, Bruceville, Ind.

23d Co., 6TH M. G. BN., MARINES—H. Wallace Chaffee was reported killed in action in the Argonne on Nov. 10, 1918. Later message contradicted this report. Anyone who knew him is asked to write to his sister, Mrs. Harry H. Garman, Route No. 2, Ventura, Cal.

26TH INF., Co. B—Pvt. Walter E. Bouts was reported killed in action on Oct. 18, 1918. Information regarding his death and any other particulars are desired by his cousin, J. E. Bouts, 302 Hughes St., Dayton, O.

38TH INF., Co. G.—Leslie McLean was reported killed in action on July 20, 1918. Later message said he was wounded and in hospital, Red Cross No. 107. Anyone who has information about him is asked to write to his mother, Mrs. Ella McLean, Alma, Mich.

49TH BASE HOSPITAL, ALLERY.—Relatives of Jesse Bailey, James Perkins, Arthur Olsen and Harry Woods, who died in this hospital, are asked to write to their nurse, Miss S. E. Anderson, U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill., for information.

51ST OR 60TH BASE HOSPITALS.—Pvt. Albert J. DeLorine, Jr., died in one of these hospitals on Dec. 6, 1918. Anyone who knew details of his death is requested to write to his mother, Mrs. A. J. DeLorine, 235 Menomonee St., Chicago, Ill.

53RD PIONEER INF., Co. D.—Pvt. John T. Conner died while serving with this outfit. His mother wants information about his death from his buddies in order to collect his insurance. Write Mrs. Anna E. Conner, 259 Lafayette St., New York City.

101ST INF., Co. A—Pvt. Christian Durberg was reported severely wounded on Nov. 3, 1918. Later messages said that he had died of wounds and that he had been killed in action on Oct. 23, 1918. Buddies who knew actual particulars of his death are asked to write to Mrs. Henry Helmod, Clarence, Iowa.

104TH INF., Co. B—Pvt. Lucian M. Booze was killed while coming out of battle in the Argonne on Oct. 25, 1919. Particulars of his death and burial are wanted by his wife, Mrs. Ida Booze, 1108 S. Hickory st., Ottawa, Kans.

110TH INF., Co. M.—Jacob C. Grosz was reported missing in August, 1918. Information is wanted by William E. Boeger, 1908 N. 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

115TH INF., Co. F.—Charles Donovan was killed in action on Oct. 13, 1918. Anyone who can tell particulars of his death is requested to write to Jesse C. Donovan, Burbank, Okla.

125TH INF., Co. M.—Pvt. Delbert M. Moyer was killed in action on July 31, 1918. Details of his death and location of his grave are wanted by his mother, Mrs. Mary A. Moyer, Route 4, Centralia, Kans.

126TH INF., 1ST BN. Hdq.—Earl F. Vosburgh was last heard from while in a hospital in France on Oct. 17, 1918. Anyone who knows of his fate or whereabouts is requested to write to Mrs. William Deiss, Carlinville, Ill.

126TH INF., Co. D.—Claude Danner was reported killed in action on Oct. 6, 1918. Information about his death and burial is wanted by his mother, Mrs. Ellen Danner, Gardner, Ill.

137TH INF., Co. C—Pvt. Fenton Hahn was last seen by comrades on Sept. 28, 1918. The War Department has presumed him dead, but his wife wants more explicit information. Write Mrs. Fenton Hahn, Burlington, Kans.

138TH INF., Co. H.—James W. Burns of this outfit was reported missing in action while a runner for the 69th Inf. Brigade Hdqrs. Information is wanted by his mother, Mrs. Annie L. Burns, 818 South Market St., Wichita, Kans.

311TH INF., Co. E.—Pvt. Clark F. Simmons was killed in action on Nov. 1, 1918. His mother would like to hear from the soldier who found his body. She has received his personal effects and the location of his grave. Write Mrs. Frank Simmons, Cooperstown, N. Y.

315TH INF., Co. E.—David Budd Gould was last heard from in Sept., 1919. He formerly lived in Akron, Ohio. Information regarding his whereabouts is wanted for his relatives by Miss Aileen B. Austin, 429 Centre St., Williamsport, Pa.

316TH INF., Co. M.—John J. Hollahan was reported dead of wounds on Nov. 8, 1918. Particulars of his death are sought by his mother, Mrs. Mary E. Hollahan, Silver Creek, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

319TH INF., Co. E.—Cpl. Filmore Withers was reported severely wounded on Sept. 26, 1918, in the Argonne. Later dispatch said he was dead. Buddies and the chaplain who attended him are asked to write to his mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Withers, Floreffe, Pa.

325TH INF., Co. A—Cpl. William Fleming was reported dead of wounds received in action on Nov. 11, 1918. His mother has no other information than the War Department telegram and would like to hear from comrades who can tell how he fell and where he is buried. Write to Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, 137 W. Wishart st., Philadelphia, Pa.

356TH INF., Co. F—Sgt. Emory E. E. Fetters died in hospital at Treves on March 12, 1919. His father wants to hear from the physician and nurse who attended him. Write to James K. Fetters, Lees Summit, Mo.

363D INF., Hdq. Co.—Pvt. Conrad Osterloh was reported missing in action in Sept., 1918. Message in Feb., 1919, said he had been killed in action. He is believed to have died in the Argonne on Sept. 26, 1918. Members of his company or others who knew details of his death are requested to write to his brother, Henry W. Osterloh, 2411 Grove St., Oakland, Calif.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

THE TRUTHFUL MUNCHAUSEN

Tales of the Impossible that Really Happened

LEGIONNAIRES are urged to tell in the WEEKLY the truthful stories that are stranger than fiction, the stories that seem to require an apology when told in the name of truth. There is a boundary to credulity, a limit to capacity for belief. The WEEKLY wants to hear the stories which everybody will instinctively disbelieve. Come on, all you misbranded Ananias. The more unreal your experiences seem, the better. But stories must be short and deal with the highly unusual. Address Munchausen Editor, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Here are some samples, the best which can be offered until the bunch sends in some more:

"In my outfit, Camp Hospital No. —, west of Souilly, during the battle of the Meuse-Argonne, there were three weeks straight in which we didn't get any slum. JOHN SIMMONDS"

"I got transferred to Tours after the Armistice and there were four English girls—Waacs—working in the A. S. C. office with me. One afternoon at four o'clock they were all so busy that they forgot to make tea. H. R. S."

"My looney used to live beyond his means in France and he had hard luck in addition. I had to roll the bones quite lively among the boys to keep him in loans after he would sit in the officers' monthly game. He was scrupulously exact in repaying what he borrowed from me, but one month when he owed me forty-eight francs he called me in and handed me a fifty-franc note. As I was stepping out, he called: 'Oh, sergeant! Never mind about the change!' N. B."

"When I came out of the hospital at Paris my outfit was going strong in the Argonne, but they sent me to Blois, where I got a soft job in a Le Mans Q. M. C. detachment as k. p. I had no sooner arrived at Le Mans than I got all my mail which had been addressed to my first outfit and had been forwarded. I also got all my back pay the first week at Le Mans. At the same time I got a letter from home saying they were receiving my allotment promptly. After I got discharged at Camp Upton I wrote to the War Risk Bureau and converted my insurance policy to an endowment policy. By return mail I received a receipt for my first premium on the new policy and a cordial letter saying I need do nothing more on my insurance except pay the premiums. L. R. J."

The Number of Your Post—

its name and location positively must be given when you request a change of address. Remember over half a million comrades are on the mail list. To trace one of them we must be able to connect him with a post. Don't forget to give old address also.

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

Call for 5,000 Photoplays

A grave dearth of story plots now confronts the motion picture industry. Producers will pay you well for any suitable story-ideas. Literary ability not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen.

5,000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them \$100 to \$500 each for clever comedies,

and [\$250 to \$2,000 each for] five-reel dramatic scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal), finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service has now been indorsed in writing by practically every big star and producer. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook with cross references to three stories already successfully produced. The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases, such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special printed lectures covering every phase of photoplay plot construction. Among others, these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corhaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the

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Lois Weber
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Rob Wagner
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Saturday Evening
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studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

\$3,000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life, mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

One student, G. Leroy Clarke, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for \$3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unique opportunity in this new field of art seriously—this book will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. And the big majority are not literary folks. They are people who have simply made up their minds to make money out of story-ideas they have in the back of their heads—and incidentally, perhaps, to gain some reputation.

The way is open. Producers are making every effort to encourage new writers. The demand is growing greater every day; and the opportunity is rich in its rewards because it is young. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation

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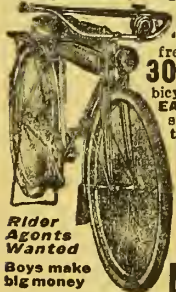
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Room 913 621 Crescent Place—Chicago, Ill.

WHEELS TURNING FOR THE DISABLED

(Continued from page 6)

cap, and that the man is physically and mentally able to undergo training. If his injury causes a vocational handicap, that is, if he is unable to pursue his old employment, the man gets training pay of from \$80 to \$150 a month. If he is not vocationally handicapped, he gets compensation for his injuries and the cost of his training and expenses incidental thereto.

If the applicant does not desire vocational training he receives pay for his disability at a rate that depends on his percentage of disability. Complete temporary disability would give him \$80 a month. If he were fifty percent disabled he would get \$40 a month.

SOME states were early to cooperate with the Government agencies. Early last autumn, for instance, twenty Legion men in the pay of the vocational board made a complete canvass of Montana and reached practically every home and man. Today it may be said that every service man of that State has put in his application and is receiving compensation.

In South Dakota and North Dakota an early start also was made, about seventeen men working in the first State and twenty-five in the latter. In Michigan 2,500 cases have been reported cleaned up since the Legion and the Federal board began to work together. The Texas Legion sought out the disabled when it put on its membership campaign and, finding a shortage of beds for the tubercular, raised a half million dollar fund for a hospital, which will start building within thirty days. Colorado also was confronted by an excess of tuberculars and has petitioned the Secretary of War to allow use of General Hospital No. 21 in Denver.

In passing, it should be said that there are strong reasons why tuberculars should not leave their homes to go to the West or Southwest. These sections are overcrowded with invalids now. Furthermore, physicians of this day believe it is preferable for sufferers from tuberculosis to remain in the quiet of their own homes and fight the

disease with the cheering aid of friends and relatives.

In Virginia the vocational board liaison officer attends all State executive committee meetings of the Legion, which are held monthly in various parts of the State. There he meets and consults with representatives of almost every post and gives immediate attention to cases post representatives bring up.

In New England the vocational board liaison man is on continual tour of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island and instructs Legion posts so they can give the maximum of advice and assistance to the disabled.

In Nevada, California and Arizona, where distance is a serious problem, the Federal board has appointed a Legion man as its agent in every community. He is responsible for seeing that every disabled man makes application for compensation or training.

In Connecticut, plans are completed for a clean-up campaign to find every man entitled to Government aid. All men who have presented themselves so far are receiving treatment. In Arkansas each of the 132 posts of the Legion has a man whose specific duty it is to find the disabled. These men in most cases hold house-to-house canvasses to locate applicants.

In New York, Legion committees are being formed to raise funds so that men can be sent throughout the State to reach the disabled. In every State Legion men are constantly on the alert to find beds available for them.

THE forty-six million dollar appropriation by Congress to provide hospitalization is a victory for the Legion Legislative Committee and will take care of every case in the country, it is believed.

It is not too optimistic to say that, from the present outlook, every disabled man who desires Government aid will be getting it within six months—provided, that the disabled men are urged and urged repeatedly to file their applications.

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

(Continued from page 13)

called a strike, I certainly would go out with them.

These young men, not only here, but all over the country, must be shown that we did not organize to take away the bread and butter of organized labor. Many of our members are union men, and the least inclination on the part of the Legion to do the American Federation of Labor an injustice would cause serious trouble to the Legion.

Let's all work together, show these outstanding men that we are not crouching, ready to pounce upon them, when they strike.

ROBERT J. FLEMING

Alliance, Neb.

The Postal Situation

To the Editor: Your editorial headed "Explained" may explain the mystery as to "why his magazine didn't arrive" from a publisher's stand-

point, but there is a good deal behind a publisher's viewpoint to be explained as to the causes of the present poor-service postal situation.

The United States Postal Service today very much resembles an overworked, tired out and underfed army mule. The same Congress that has been prone to disfavor the Legion's four-fold beneficial legislation is paying its skilled labor in the postal service considerably less than unskilled labor is receiving the country over. As a result resignations are many and new recruits few.

This is the real explanation of "why his magazine didn't arrive," as well as a lot of other mail. Don't blame the personnel of the postal service, but pass the buck to the same body of men that has not yet come through with our beneficial legislation.

O. LEROY SAVOLD

Howard Bean Post No. 36,
Oakes, N. D.

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Charles E. Hires Co.....		METALS		R. J. Reynolds Co., Inc.....	21
BICYCLES		New Jersey Zinc Co.....	16	Waltt and Bond, Inc.....	
Mead Cycle Co.....	22	John Polachek Bronze & Iron Co.....		SPORTS AND RECREATION	
BOOKS		OFFICE SUPPLIES		Earle Liederman.....	15
Michelin Guide Books.....	17	The O.K. Mfg. Co.....	15	STATIONERY	
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES		PATENT ATTORNEYS		Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.....	
Insurance Co. of Newark, N. J.....	20	Lacey & Lacey.....		TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH	
National Doughnut Machine Co.....	19	PHONOGRAPHS		V American Telephone & Telegraph Co.....	
Thomas Hosiery Co.....	22	Thomas A. Edison, Inc.....		TOILET NECESSITIES	
FIREARMS		PHOTOGRAPHY		Auto Strop Safety Razor Co.....	
V Savage Arms Corp.....		Views of Franco Co.....	16	V Cudahy Packing Co.....	16
HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS		POWDER		The Pensodent Co.....	
Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.....	2	V E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co.....		Simmons Hardware Co.....	
JEWELRY		SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION		TYPEWRITERS	
Harold Lachman Co.....	19	Ambu Engineering Institute.....	18	Corona Typewriter Co. Inc.....	24
Santa Fe Watch Co.....		Franklin Institute.....			
L. W. Sweet & Co.....		Alexander Hamilton Institute.....			

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to promptly report any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City

A BURST

Here's a burst—no dud about it—from Comrade W. M. K. of New York City—

"To the average man 'it pays to advertise' sums up a belief fathered by the fact that the most successful manufacturers of the country do it, have continued to do it and show by ever increasing space and media that they are finding it profitable. How and why he picks the several vehicles used to carry his copy is a matter that seldom comes up outside of advertising circles. Seeing a certain advertiser appear regularly in one's favorite periodicals just naturally leads to the condition that he advertises in all good ones.

"Now, there are some 13,000 periodicals published in these United States, not to mention the Lord knows how many daily and weekly newspapers and leaving out billboards, street car cards, and other special forms of publicity. To use all of them for a very short time would put even the most powerful manufacturer out of business long before he had time to determine whether it paid or not. As a matter of fact, an advertiser spends but a very small fraction of his gross sales revenue to get his message before the public, a fraction so small that it is usually only a part of his savings on quantity production. Here we come to the question—how does he pick the winners?

"To the manufacturer who sells through retailers, the old familiar game of passing the buck, with modifications, is the answer. He wants to use those magazines, which, *in the opinion of the majority of his dealers*, will give the best results. If the men who sell his goods are satisfied that the majority of people are reading his advertising, they'll get busy and try to sell all they can.

"Now, you and I, and in fact every man who was

in the service, knows that when Unele Sam called for one-fifth of the he-man power of the country, he wasn't a bit choosy about any particular man's occupation. He wanted a fifth of the druggists, grocers, etc., just as much as he wanted a fifth of their male customers. What's more, he got 'em. When the Armistice was signed, the natural go-getters and those who had acquired that spirit getting after Jerry, just naturally frothed at the mouth to get out and get a toe-hold on the old business, or a new one that looked better.

"That's obvious to us, but the advertising space buyer who can talk learnedly to his boss about vision in selling, says that is theory. He wants to see, feel, hear, taste and smell the plum before he will admit the evidence of any one of his senses that it is one. He's constantly going through a barrage from the other 13,000 odd periodicals until he needs to have a machine gun nest open up under his nose to make him bat an eyelash.

"You can see from our advertising index that we've taken a few objectives. Every week adds more to the list. What we want to do now is to set a few mines, so that we can have every national advertiser crying Kamerad and begging for space.

"Every dealer who reads THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY sells a dozen or more nationally advertised lines. A letter to the manufacturer of each one from every Legion dealer will be a boost for the WEEKLY—a mine train that his Advertising Department can't escape. Are you with us? Let's go!"

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER,
627 West 43d Street,
New York City.



For Speed and Accuracy

A SMASHING double to right; a sacrifice; a "squeeze" play—and the home team comes across with the winning run.

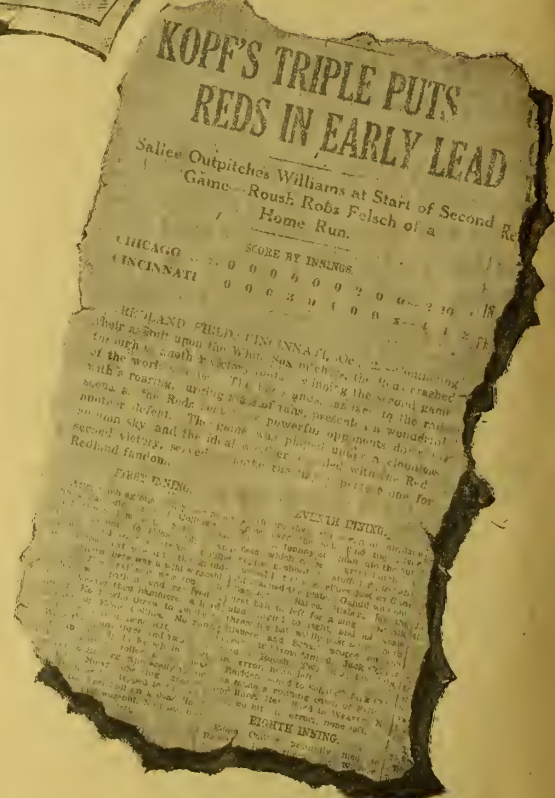
Speed and accuracy tell the story on the diamond; and in your morning paper. The crack of the ball on the bat has been echoed by the tap of Corona's keys in the press-box. The report is complete to the last detail.

Such out-of-the-ordinary uses demonstrate Corona's extra efficiency. Its lightness and sturdiness, its handy size and unfailing readiness for work, qualify it to do even exceptional things and to do them well.

But Corona finds its real use in the less spectacular field of every-day life. In your home, on trips by sea or land, on your vacation, Corona serves you faithfully and serves you well. Corona is everyone's friend—the typewriter of universal service.

CORONA TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
GROTON, NEW YORK

Branches and Agencies all over the World



850, with carrying case

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

TRADE MARK

Fold it up — Take it with you — Typewrite anywhere